

THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL

Devoted to Social, Political, Literary, Musical and Dramatic Gossip.

VOL. I., No. 50.

VICTORIA, B. C., SEPTEMBER 24, 1892.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM

TALES OF THE TOWN.

IT would astonish our so called "four hundred" to know how really small is their knowledge of even the elementary principles of common etiquette; in fact what they don't know would fill two HOME JOURNALS. Take, for instance, that very common act of politeness, the saluting of a lady out-of-doors. It seems only by the merest chance that most of our gallants perform it properly or gracefully. Some of them will fumble round with the brim of their hats and make a general muddle of the attempt; others will clumsily scrape the top of their craniums with the back of the hat, while others will snatch off the hat, make a lightning-like movement towards the feet and replace the outraged article of head-gear on the head in most untidy fashion. I notice that the latter class of young gentleman struts along with a very self-satisfied smirk, as though he has done a very clever thing. But, as a rule, nine out of every ten take off their hats with the hand next the lady. The raising of the arm thus obscures the face, and the lady is obliged to smile graciously at a dark-sleeved elbow, or the back of a bronzed hand. I have even seen military (volunteer) men and officers make this blunder, when they should know that it is one of their rules to salute with the hand further away from the officer saluted.

That development of modern journalism, the interview, has become one of its strongest and most firmly established customs. Like all other customs, it sometimes assumes queer shapes. THE HOME JOURNAL, pioneer in all progressive movements, is not behind in this, and henceforth interviews with the most prominent people, local and traveling, will appear in these columns. A journalist of rare accomplishments has been engaged for this purpose. He is not an ordinary reporter, who calls a spade a spade; oh dear, no; he puts a finish and a flourish on the thing; has some style about him, and writes a most graphic description of the personal appearance of the interviewed one.

Hearing that the illustrious Phillip Chalk had moved into town temporarily from his palatial country residence on Topaz Avenue, the interviewer of THE HOME JOURNAL called upon him with a view to learning the object of Mr. Chalk's visit to Victoria.

Phillip, for that is the name which fame has given to him, (fame is always familiar, as for instance, Dizzy, the Grand Old Man, John A., Ben Harrison and Jimmy Chickens) was discovered gently dreaming through a halo of smoke which came from a fragrant, delicate cheroot, as he sat in one

of his luxuriously furnished apartments in Stronachville. He was attired in an elegant, gold-embroidered dressing gown and rich smoking cap. In one hand was a copy of the evening Times of the day before, and the other was employed in toying with a heavy gold chain to which was attached a handsome gold chronometer (a present, by the way, from Hon. A. N. Richards, who was a close personal friend of Phillips).

"Ah! good morning, my dear sir," said Phillip, graciously rising and proffering the journalist a seat. "I am always proud to receive members of your noble profession. Do you know"—and here the genial gentleman launched into a panegyric of the press, which modesty forbids us publishing. He touched the ivory button on the table near him and a highly dressed flunkey appeared bowing. "Bring the gentleman some refreshment," ordered Phillip. A deep obeisance and the flunkey retired, reappearing shortly with a tray of costly old China and silver service. Chocolate and toast were served, and Phillip began to converse.

"I notice," said he, by way of preface, "a serious mis-statement in the Times. The writer there makes it appear that I tripped lightly down the Driard house staircase. I would have you correct that, if you please. It was morning at the time, I had not breakfasted, and it is not likely that I should be tripping or in any other way endangering my equilibrium so early in the day. A gentleman may take a glass of wine at dinner, but I emphatically repudiate the base insinuation that early in the morning I tripped down the Driard stairs, threw my overcoat at the attendant and otherwise behaved as unbecoming a gentleman. The person who wrote that should have more regard for the truth.

"Then there is a great deal of matter here that I did not say and a great deal is not there which I did want to say, but the gentleman assumed entire charge of the conversation and I could say nothing."

"Is it true, Mr. Chalk, that you contemplate retiring from active public life and going to seek health and rest in Europe?"

"I have been thinking of the matter," replied Mr. Chalk, "and am now in correspondence with my friend, Sir John Abbott, (you know of him I presume,) who would like me to accompany him on a similar mission, ostensibly, but, confidentially between ourselves, the object of our proposed journey involves great national questions. It would be premature to make anything public just at present, but be sure I will see that THE HOME JOURNAL is first, and authoratively informed on the subject. After our business is concluded, I shall go for an extended tour of the Old World, visiting all the ancient and famous resorts. I will bear in mind your wish, if I see another graphic descriptive writer

on any of the suburban weeklies of Edinburgh, to engage him for your staff.

"I see it is nearly ten o'clock," said Phillip, consulting his chronometer, "and I have an engagement at the City Hall. I hope you will excuse me, but I will have the pleasure of another chat with you before long. Thank you very much for your visit," and Phillip graciously bowed the interviewer out.

The other day I met an Israelite who informed me of the real meaning of the Jewish New Year. He said that three principal things are assigned to New Year's Day, viz.: The blowing of the trumpet, the day of memorial, and the day of judgment. The blowing of the trumpet is the medium, or the mean; whereas the memorial and judgment are the virtues, or the ends. The Israelite on this day acknowledges God as the Supreme Judge; he also acknowledges that God remembers the action of man; that nothing is hidden from Him. That on this day every creature is properly judged; and the fate of who should live and who should die is determined—who should live in joy, and who in sorrow, according to his actions, deeds and motives. The blowing of the trumpet is simply a symbol, and that symbol does many a man good. Moses, the great legislator, has made use of the trumpet by blowing on it at various events; as, for example, in time of war or in time of gathering the tribes together, or at an approaching feast, or times of distress, the sound of the trumpet should awaken their spirits and remind them of an approaching event—just as the fire bell rings to awaken the firemen to go to their duty, or as the signal given by the commander of an army. The blowing of the trumpet in the synagogues is simply to awaken those sleepy men who are negligent all the year; who do not know whether they are men or animals, whether there is a Supreme Being or not. Such men are in need of the shrill sound of the trumpet to awaken them. Moses led out of Egypt a people of no belief, of no religion, of no law, of no education. He was therefore right in ordaining such customs and laws as would improve their spiritual development. He accordingly imposed it as a statute, because he knew very well as a prophet that the coming generations would be even more in need of some shrill sound to awaken their conscience at least once a year; and so it is. It will be found on investigation that all the ordinances of Moses are wisely intended for the guidance particularly of the ignorant. Does a man of common reason need to be stirred up through the sound of a trumpet which should remind him that there is a God who governs and sustains, protects and shields, heals and wounds whomsoever He chooses? Will any man of com-

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